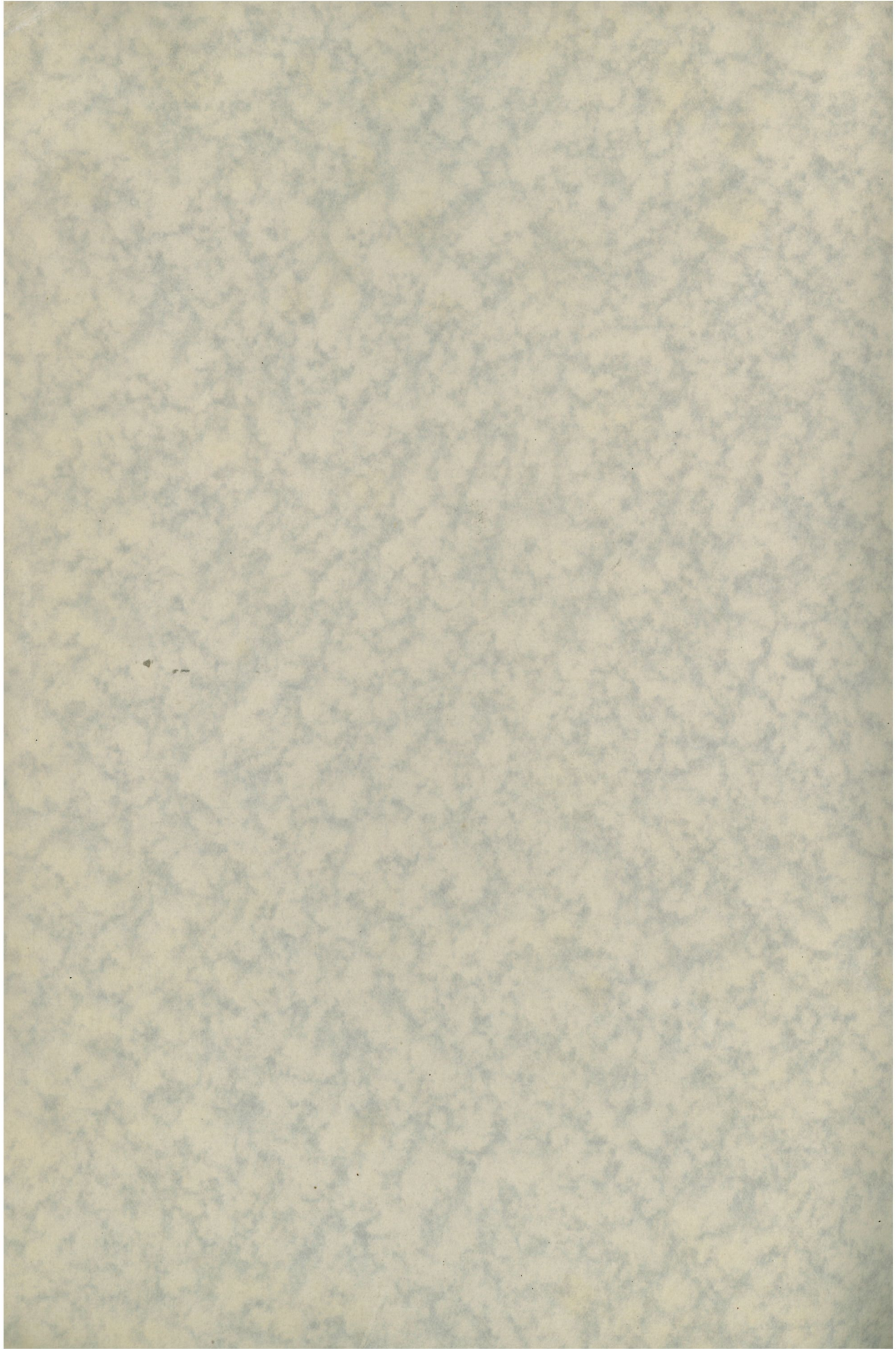
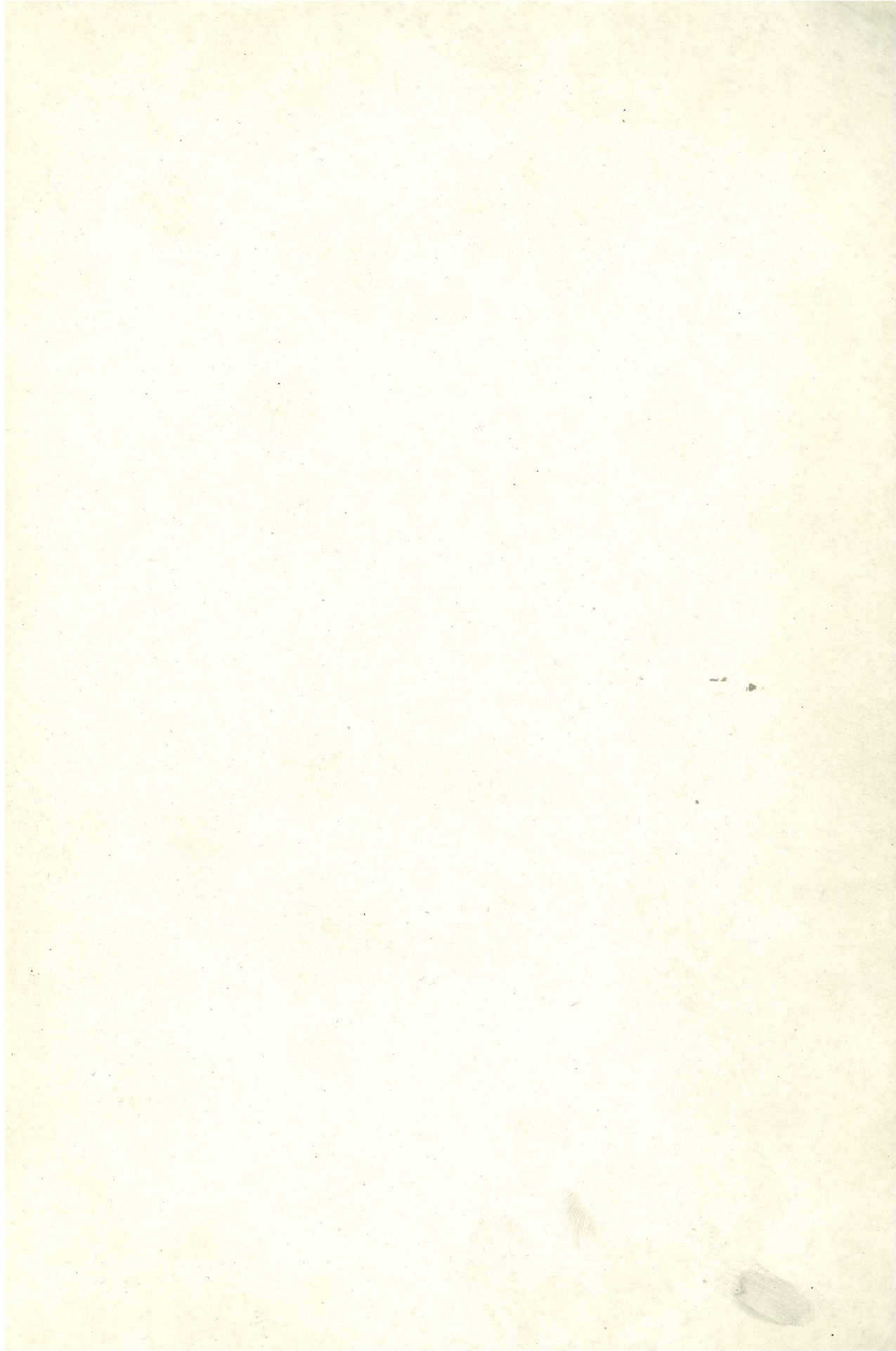
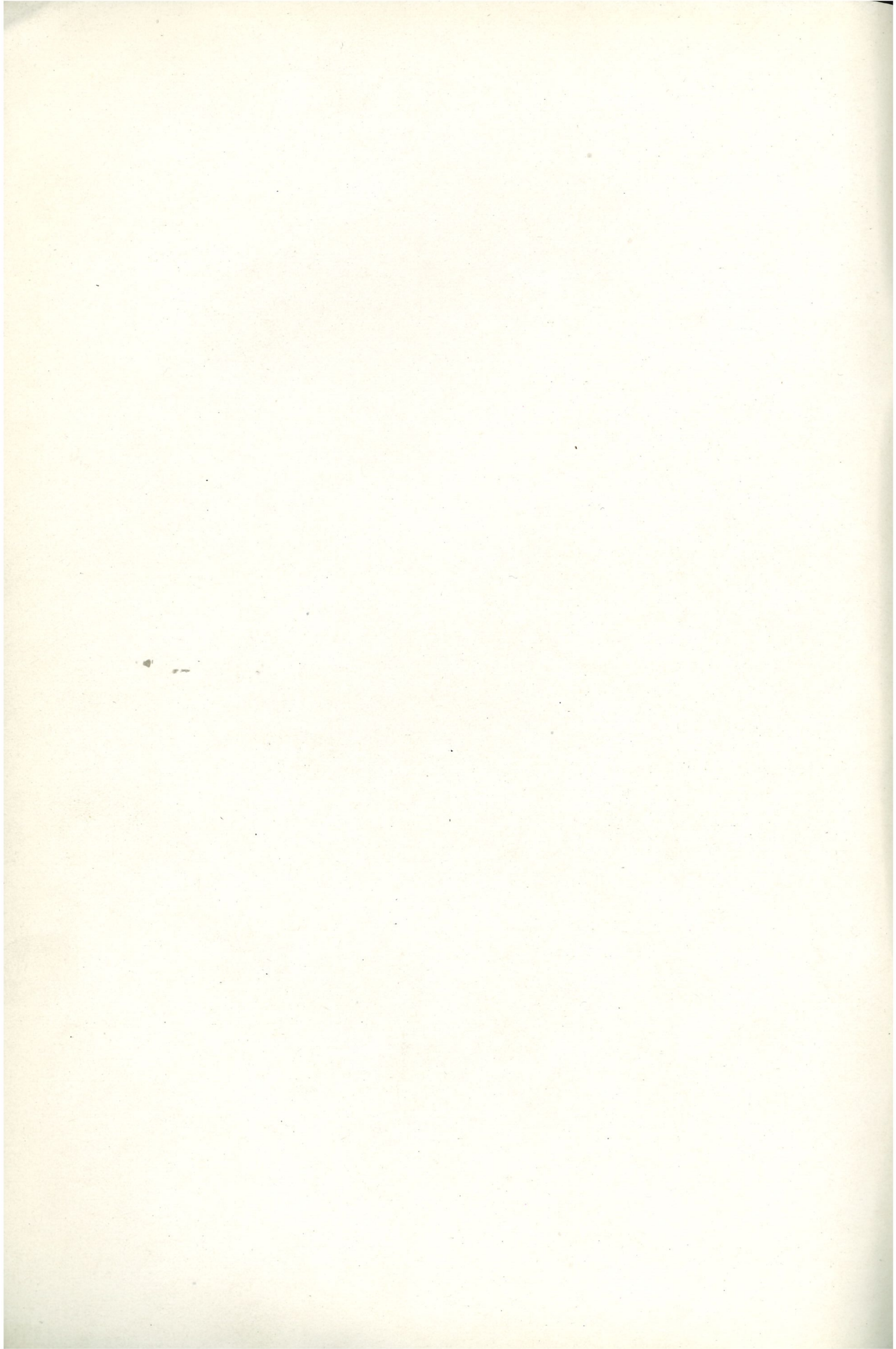


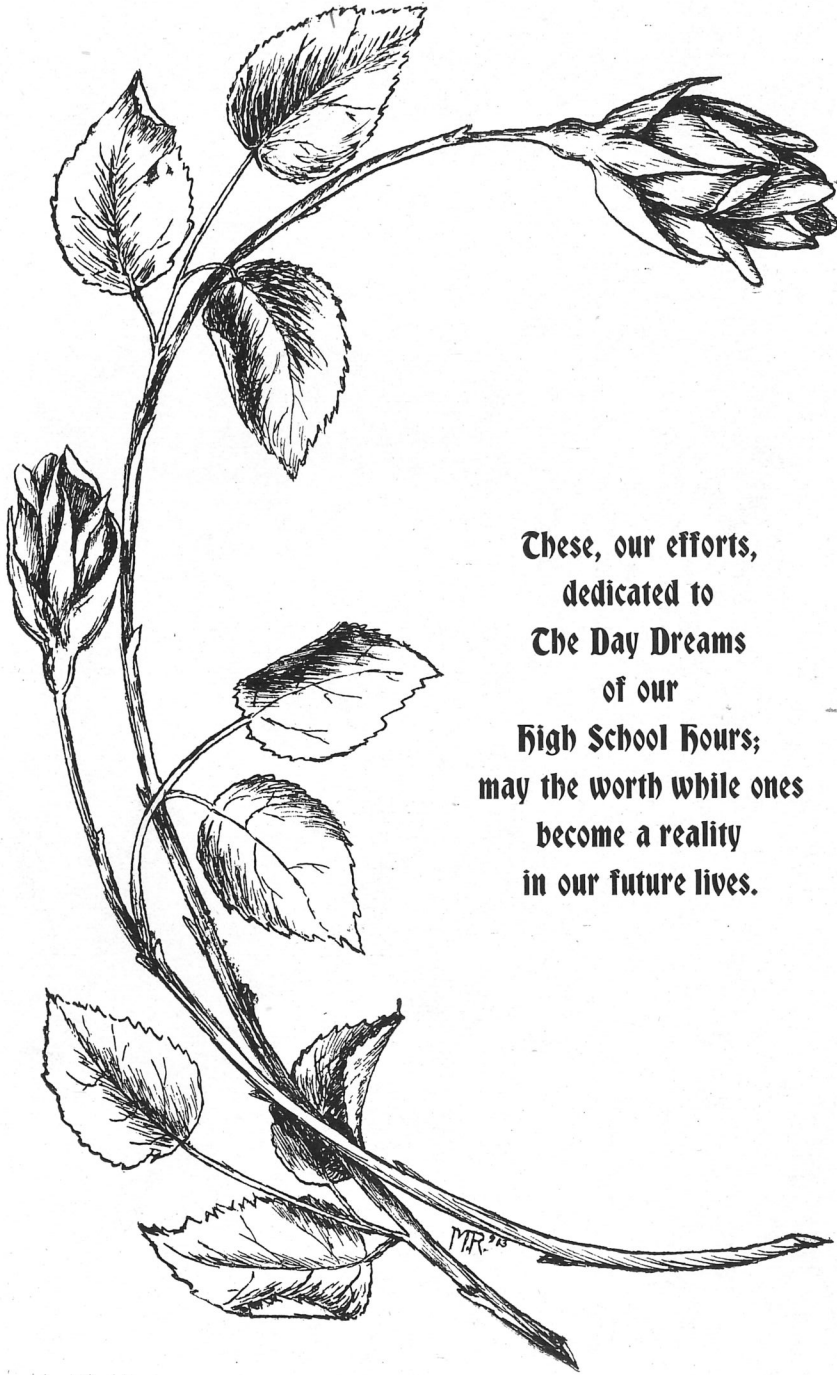
The Flambeau











These, our efforts,
dedicated to
The Day Dreams
of our
High School Hours;
may the worth while ones
become a reality
in our future lives.

Find a way or make one

Class Flower.

TEA ROSE.

Class Colors.

CHERRY RED AND SILVER GRAY.



Day Dreams

From all we would do
And the best that we've done
Air castles we've built
And our day dreams we've spun—

Their spires reach the sky
Above roads of success;
Their clouds float on high
In a bright fairy dress.

We've faith to believe
Work worth while we shall do;
Live worthy of dreams
And so make them come true.

Nineteen Thirteen.

G. O'D.

Faculty.

J. A. Book
L. C. Dewey
Emma Glasier
Alice Hanson
Ella Harrington
Jeanne Harrington
Edith Hubbard
Hazel Lindstedt
May Lucas
H. P. Miller
W. R. Mitchell
Gertrude Paine
May Putnam
Margaret Quilty
Isabella Reese
Wm. Segerstrom
Jessie Thuerer
Florence K. Thomas.

Board of Commissioners.

Mrs. E. J. Hoffman	F. A. Miller
Dr. Louis Falge	A. B. Schuette
L. E. Geer	Henry Vits
Henry Groth.	



P. J. ZIMMERS, Superintendent.



C. G. STANGEL, Principal.

JUNE 19, 8:00 P. M., OPERA HOUSE.

Presentation of Diplomas	-	-	Mr. Lyman J. Nash
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ROSTER

Baeckmann, Viola Charlotte - "Ola"
 "Isn't that great?"
 English Course.
 Dramatic Club, '12-'13. Junior Play, '12.
 "The Littlest Girl."

Barrie, Clyde - - - - "Barrie"
 "We should worry."
 English Course.
 Glee Club, '11-'12. Annual Staff, '13. Literary Society, '12.
 "Any Little Girl That's a Nice Little Girl."

Buehler, Evangeline Marie - - - "B"
 Commercial Course.
 First prize at State Fair, Sewing, '12. Sec. of Dramatic Club, Sec., A., '13. Literary Society, '12. Adelpic Society, '09-'10. Prom Committee, '12. H. S. Play, '13.
 "Smile Awhile."

Butz, Anna M. - - - -
 "You'll find sympathy in the dictionary."
 Commercial Course.
 Adelpic Society, '09-'10. Dramatic Club, '13.
 "Oh, Mr. Dream Man, please let me Dream!"

Cavanaugh, Michael George "Senator"
 "You don't know what it is."
 Scientific Course.
 Athletic Assn., '12-'13. Editor of Spectator, R. H. S., '10. Sec. of Class, '10, R. H. S. Pres. Literary Club, R. H. S., '10-'11. Sec. Debating Club, '12-'13. Annual Staff, '13. Class Play, '11, R. H. S. Senior Baseball Team, '12. Prom Committee, '12. Special Honor, Commencement, '13.
 "How Can They Tell O'im Irish?"



ROSTER

Christiansen, Alfred - - - "Christy"

Scientific Course.

Track Team, '10-'11-'12-'13. Winner inter-class track meet, '12-'13. Oratorical Contest, '11-'12-'13. Christmas Story Contest, '12. Gold medal, '13. Debating Club, '12. Junior Play, '12. H. S. Play, '13. Dramatic Club, '13. Manitou Staff, '13. Annual Staff, '13.

Cooney, Dorothy Kathryn - - - "Dora"

English Course.

Literary Club, '12-'13. Girl's Glee Club, '12-'13. Christmas Story Contest, '11. Girl's Athletic Assn., '10.

"It Takes the Irish to Beat the Dutch."

Cooney, Marie M. - - - "Skinny"

Commercial Course.

Literary Club, '13. Girl's Athletic Assn., '11.

"When Sweet Marie was Sweet 16."

Dramm, Elsa Louise - - - "Ellie"

"What-d'-ya-call-it."

English Course.

Glee Club, '13. Dramatic Club, '13. Literary Society, '12. Girl's Athletic Assn., '10.

Girl's Basket Ball Team, '10. Junior Play, '12. German Club, '11. Annual Staff, '13.

"Flower Girl."

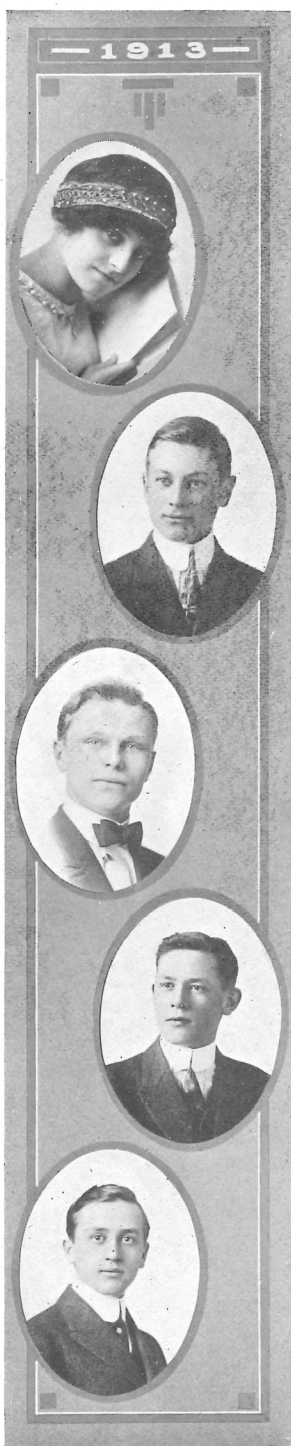
Duffy, Irene - - - - - "I"

"Dear sakes."

English Course.

Junior Play, '12. Literary Society. H. S. Play, '13.

"My Gal Irene"



ROSTER

Duhnke, Vidabelle - - - "Vida"

"Awake! Arise! or be forever fallen!"

Commercial Course.

Pres. Freshman Class, '09. Literary Society,
'11. Dramatic Club, '13. Adelpic Socie-
ty, '09-'10. Junior Play, '12. Prom Com-
mittee, '12.

"Don't wake me up, I am dreaming."

Drumm, Charles O. - - - "Chass"

"I've got you."

Scientific Course.

Athletic Assn., '09-'13. Science Club, '12.

Glee Club, '10-'12. Adelpic Society, '12.

"I'm the Guy."

Engelbrecht, Oscar - - - "Enge"

Commercial Course.

Athletic Assn., '09-'13. Glee Club, '10. Jun-
ior Play, '12. Dramatic Club, '13. H. S.
Play, '13.

"I'm Mighty Glad I'm Living, That's All."

Falge, Raymond - - - "Samson"

Manual Training Course.

Operetta, '10-'11. Glee Club, '10-'11-'12.

Junior Play, '12. Christmas Story Con-
test, '13.

"I Wish I Had a Girl."

Fanta, Erwin - - - "Fanta"

Manual Training Course.

Operetta, '11. Manitou Staff, '11-'12. Boys'

Glee Club, '11-'12. Debating Club, '11-'12.

Literary Club, '12-'13.

"I've lost my heart but I don't care."



ROSTER

Fehring, Olive Inez Grace - "Fehring"
 "Impossible is only found in the dictionary
 of fools."

Commercial Course.

Adelphic Society, '10. Literary Society, '12.

Dramatic Club, '13. Prom Committee, '12.

2nd prize at State Fair, '13 Sewing.

"I Used to be Afraid to go Home in the Dark."

Fetzer, Ora Helen - - - "Dutch"

English Course.

Glee Club, '13. Literary Society, '12-'13.

Girls' Athletic Assn., '10-'11. Girl's Bas-
 ket Ball Team, '10-'11. Junior Play, '12.

"Happy Li'l Sal."

Gustaveson, Hazel - - - "Dickie"

"Oh, listen!"

Classical Course.

Literary Society, '12-'13. H. S. Play, '13.

Annual Staff, '13.

"Billy."

Healy, Florence Catherine - "Flossie"

"Well, I am sure."

English Course.

Literary Club, '12-'13. Junior Play, '12.

Girl's Athletic Assn., '10.

"You'll have to sing an Irish Song."

Hecker, Florence - - - "Florchen"

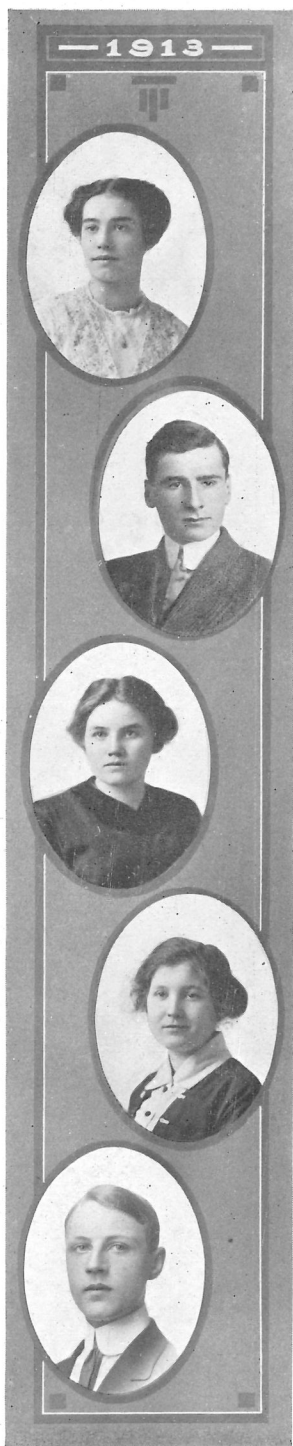
"Oh, joy."

Classical Course.

German Club, '10-'11. Dramatic Club, '12-

'13. Rhetoricals, '09.

"Sunbeams."



ROSTER

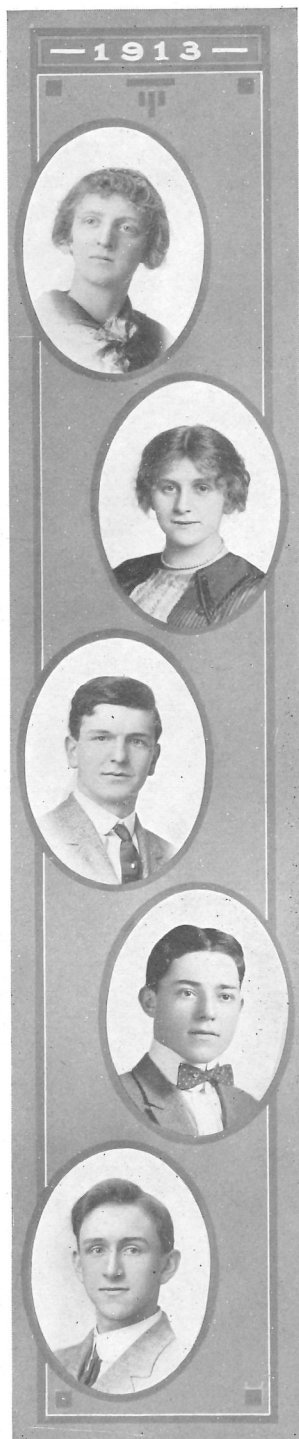
Houghton, Ruth Marie - - "Ruthie"
 "For land sakes."
 English Course.
 Rhetoricals, '09.
 "This is a dear old world, after all."

Hubbard, Charles Rollin - - "Toot"
 Scientific Course.
 Athletic Assn., '09-'10-'11-'12. Sec. and Treas.
 of class '12. Vice-Pres. of Debating Club,
 '12-'13. Class Baseball Team, '12-'13.
 Track Team, '11-'12-'13. Prom Commit-
 tee, '12.
 "The New Chauffeur."

Hussey, Anna M. - - "Stub"
 English Course.
 Basket Ball Team, '10-'11. Literary Club.
 "No Wedding Bells for Me."

Jacobson, Luella - - "Lulu"
 "Don't bother your head."
 Commercial Course.
 Junior Play, '12. Literary Society, '12.
 Prom Committee, '13. Manitou Staff, '13.
 Annual Staff, '13. Special Honor, Com-
 mencement, '13.
 "Smile, Smile, Smile."

Johnson, Adolph C. - - "Swede"
 "Man Alive."
 Scientific Course.
 Athletic Assn., '10-'13. Glee Club, '11-'12.
 Science Club, '11-'12. Dramatic Club, '13.
 Junior Play, '12. Sec. and Treas. of Class
 '12-'13. Annual Staff, '13. H. S. Play, '13.
 "The Yama Yama Yama Man."



ROSTER

Johnson, Miriam - - - "Chickie"
 English Course.
 Literary Society, '12-'13.
 "When I'm Alone, I'm Lonesome."

Karnopp, Evelyn Grace - - - "Ev"
 English Course.
 Dramatic Club, '13. Girls' Music Club, '09-
 '11-'12. Girl's Athletic Assn., '11.
 "Love Me, and the World is Mine."

Knorr, Arthur - - - - - "Art"
 Commercial Course.
 Debating Club.
 "For Every Boy Who's Lonely, There's a
 Girl Who's Lonely Too."

Kunz, Lester - - - - - "Jenny"
 "Believe Me."
 English Course.
 Operetta, '10. Baseball, '12. Junior Base-
 ball, '12. Capt. Basket Ball, '13. Pres. of
 Class, '13. Prom Committee, '12. H. S.
 Play, '13.
 "Sweet Genevieve."

Mahnke, Herbert - - - - - "Hip"
 Commercial Course.
 Literary Society, '09-'10. Glee Club, '09-'10-
 '11-'12. Dramatic Club, '12-'13. Sec. and
 Treas. of Orchestra, '12-'13.
 "You'll never know the Good Fellow I've
 Been."



ROSTER

Markham, Mildred Marie - "Millie"

Classical Course.

Girls' Athletic Assn., '10. Basket Ball Team, '10. Manitou Staff, '12-'13. Literary Society, '12. Dramatic Society, '13. Rhetoricals, '10. Christmas Story Contest, '12. Annual Staff, '13.
"The Dream of the Flowers."

Martin, Manda B. - - "Mandy"

"Say, that's rich."

Commercial Course.

President of the Dramatic Club, '12-'13. Literary Society, '11-'12. Special honor-Commencement, '13. Junior Play, '12.
"Mandy, How Do You Do?"

Miller, Albie - - - "Michel"

"To be sure."

Scientific Course.

Athletic Assn., '09-'10. German Club, '11-'12. Literary Society, '11-'12. Dramatic Society, '12-'13. Junior Play, '12. Rhetoricals, '11.
"No Use Awaitin' Till Tomorrow."

O'Donnell, May Genevieve - "Gen"

"Say, listen."

Commercial Course.

Literary Society, '12-'13. Vice. Pres. Junior Class. Prom Committee, '12. Junior Play, '12. Vice Pres. Glee Club, '12. Pres. Glee Club, '13.

"I'm Tickled to Death."

Pederson, Selma - - "Blondy"

"Oh, sugar."

Commercial Course.

Literary Society, '12. Dramatic Club, '13. Special Honor, Commencement, '13.

"Oh, you Blondy."



ROSTER

Petska, John Alvin - - "John D."
 "None of your business."
 Scientific Course.
 Literary Society, '09-'10. Athletic Assn., '11-'12-'13. Debating Club, '12-'13. Pres. of Debating Club, '13.
 "Somewhere in the World, There's a Little Girl for Me."

Rathsack, Clara Louise - -
 "Oh! my Stars!"
 Commerical Course.
 Literary Society, '12-'13. Glee Club, '11-'12-'13. Vice Pres. of Glee Club, '13. First Prize Commercial Course at State Fair, '13. Junior Play, '12. Operetta, '11. German Club, '11. Prom Committee, '12.
 "My Lady Laughter."

Rechcygal, Helen Marie - - -
 "Oh Joy."
 English Course.
 Glee Club, '12-'13. Manitou Staff, '11-'13. Girl's Athletic Assn., '10. Annual Staff, '13. Rhetoricals, '10.
 "My Rose Marie."

Rick, Ruth H. - - - "Ricky"
 "Oh Joy."
 English Course.
 Treas. of Class, '10-M. G. S. Dramatic Club, '12-'13. Glee Club, '12-'13. Literary Society, '11-'12.
 "I remember You."

Rudolph, Verna Florence - - "Gay"
 English Course.
 Glee Club, '10-'11-'12-'13. Opera, '11. Junior Play, '12. Dramatic Club, '12-'13.
 "So What's the Use."

—1913—



Ryder, Lillian M. - - - "Bob"
 "Isn't that funny?"
 English Course.
 Glee Club, '10-'12. Literary Club, '11-'13.
 "Scuse me, teacher."



Schmiedicke, Benjamin J. - "Butler."
 "Such is life on a farm."
 Commercial Course.
 Boys' Glee Club, '09. Debating Club, '13.
 "I don't want a million dollars."



Seeger, Gladys - - - "Specks"
 "Oh, Fizzle!"
 Scientific Course.
 Glee Club, '12-'13. German Club, '10-'11.
 Literary Society, '12-'13. Prom Committee,
 '12.
 "If I could gain the world by wishing."



Sladky, Ella Agnes - - - "Slim"
 Commercial Course.
 Dramatic Club, '12-'13. Literary Society, '11.
 "Keep on the Sunny Side."



Stericker, William - - - "Bill"
 "Rats."
 Scientific Course.
 Business Manager of Manitou and Annual.
 Pres. of Class '12. Prom Committee, '12.
 Science Club, '12. Class Basket Ball Team,
 '12. Class Baseball Team, '12-'13. Class
 Track Team, '11-'13. Oratorical Contest,
 '13. Junior Play, '12. Dramatic Club, '13.
 Glee Club, '12. H. S. Play, '13.
 "He's a College Boy."



ROSTER

Voelker, Dorothy - - - "Dose"

"Oh, For Land Sakes."

English Course.

Glee Club, '10-'11-'12-'13. German Club, '11.

Manitou Staff, '12. Adelphe Society, '12.

Editor-in-chief Manitou, '13. Sec., and

Treas., Glee Club, '13. Vice-Pres., Senior

Class, '13. Prom., Committee, '12. Editor-

in-chief Flambeau, '13. H. S. Play, '13.

"I und mei Beau."

Vollendorf, Harvey - - - "Harv"

Commercial Course.

Class Treas., '09. Glee Club, '09. Athletic

Assn., '09-'13. Junior-Senior Class Basket

Ball team. Manager Baseball team, '12.

M. H. S. Basketball team, '13. Annual

Staff, '13. Vice-Pres., Dramatic Club, '13.

Prom Committee.

"It's Great to be a Soldier Man."

Westgate Clyde, - - - "Doc"

Scientific Course.

Athletic Assn., '09-'10-'11-'12. Pres. Science

Club, '11-'12. Class Basketball team, '11-

'12. Track, '11-'12. Dramatic Club, '12.

"They Always Pick on Me."

White, Ethel - - - "Storky"

"Fade Away."

English Course.

Dramatic Club, '13.

"Dreamy Eyes."

Wills, Howard - - - "Butch"

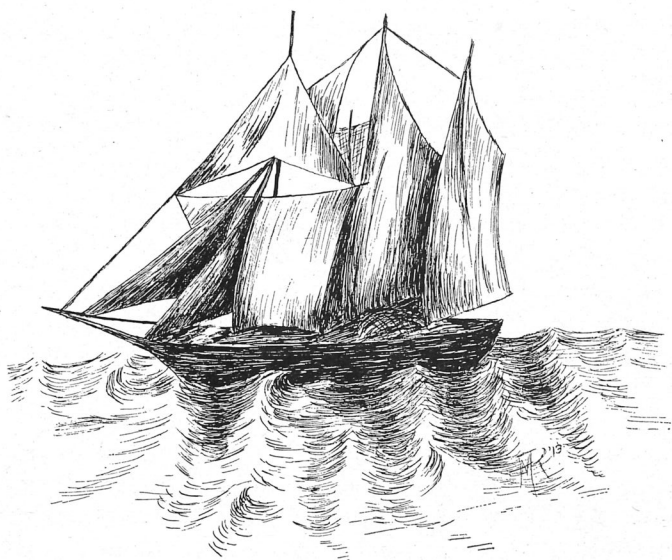
Commercial Course.

Athletic Assn. '09-'13., Football team, '10-'11.

Capt. Track team, '12. Manitou Staff, '13.

Annual Staff.

"Vas iss Lose Mit Lovee?"



Class History—1913.

As I walked down the middle aisle of the high school assembly room, now vacant and empty, I beheld the seat I chose four years ago. I approached the seat with a different feeling now—a gloomy mist seemed to hold it sacred. Again I sat down in that seat, not to work as I have worked, but to dream as I have often dreamed.

I dreamed, and behold, there appeared before me, dressed all in white, a beautiful image. Her hair was like gold, and from her long white robe hung streamers of cherry red and silver gray. On her bosom was a red rose. An open book was in her hand and she read from silver pages. The words which were read flowed from her lips in music softer than the breath of angels. She ceased and closed the book. The covers were of solid gold, and I stared at it in wonder.

“Have you ever read the history of the class of 1913 of the M. H. S.?” she asked.

I answered in the negative.

Her expression remained unchanged as she said, “Then I shall read it to you, from the History of the Schools of Manitowoc. The class of 1913 is one of the most romantic classes that has ever been graduated from any school.” She slowly opened the book.

“On Sept. 7, 1909,” she began, “the members of the class of 1913 began their high school life in the several high schools of Manitowoc. Although they were separated in three distinct groups, they worked very hard. Their first duty as students, was to con-

sider themselves the source of amusement for the seniors. O, how they envied the seniors — those wise men so ill-grounded in the rules of civility as to call the freshmen 'green'! The next duty as Freshmen was to prove that they were *not* 'green'. And if they could produce sufficient evidence in the line of examinations, they no longer were called freshmen but sophomores.

"Their sophomore year was quite different from the former. They were very observant, — those from the land of the whistling quail, and those from the land of the magnificent buildings; and they soon became adapted to the high school life, as the old Norse Vikings became adapted to the French language, custom and law. As a result, their culture wants multiplied rapidly.

"A great change took place in their second year. They no longer struggled in separate bands, but were united in one central high school. Old grievances and ill-feelings were forgiven and forgotten as they were endowed with higher inspirations and were given new hearts. They never, never neglected their studies and they soon became conscious of a feeling of equality toward the seniors. It was the juniors that they now learned to envy, for their joys and pleasures seemed to be a part of their daily toil. The sophomore year was a great help to their advancement.

"There never was a jollier junior class under the sun than that of 1913. Romance was the chief characteristic—study was secondary at times. The modest were distinguished from the gay; the strong from the weak; the timid from the bold. They played the jolly part of their high school life in this period. Athletics afforded a wide field for physical as well as mental development. The two faculties were combined in football, baseball, basketball and on the track. Especially in football, team work was found to be an excellent quality of efficiency — harmony in the team was half of the game.

"The junior year was the golden age of day-dreams. The junior girl dreamed of her noble knight, who would some day come riding on a snow white steed and carry her off to some distant land, where she would reign as queen. The junior boy likewise dreamed of the future: He would soon be holding an office of trust and profit and be taking active part in the busy whirl of the twentieth century.

"The influence of their Junior year left a lasting impression upon their minds. It penetrated the inmost channels of expression; and freeing the light which lies hidden in every soul, it freed the deeper powers known as personality. It has become a guiding principle that will guard them through life. It has helped to mold their character and to form their destinies.

"As seniors they assumed the business point of view. They asked themselves many questions: Are the four years of high school proving a good investment? Are we getting the very best? Are we working 'side by side with those who go farthest and study deepest'? They found, in their senior year, that opportunities must be grasped in time or the influence gained will be lost. Hence responsibility was placed upon them in their senior year. It is this responsibility that makes the Senior sober and stately.

"The day dreams grew shorter and were more of reality. The foundations of the air-castles were made closer to Earth and they sometimes got as low as the physics laboratory.

"They found that the period of high school was a testing time, a proving of their ability and a drawing out of their tendencies in life. They have been given a choice of subjects which enabled them to follow their course with fewer conflicts. Electives were more than useful. (They took the place of 'hard' studies).

"They also found manliness, and earnestness and reality in life.

"They now cast aside their privileges and pleasures of high school life only to cherish them as they climb ever on from summit to summit to 'ideals not attained'."

I rose only to find the fading twilight — the vision had disappeared.

"The gathering orange stain
Upon the edge of yonder western peak
Reflects the sunset of a thousand years."

H. W. '13.

The Toast.

Here's to the school we love so well,

Here's to the M. H. S.

Here's to the fellow who never flunks,

And here's to the Knight of the Guess.

Here's to the friendships of days gone by,

Here's to the teachers we've known,

Here's to the lessons that weren't prepared,

Here's to the class from which we've flown.

Here's to the senior of solemn mien;

Here's to the senior who's gay.

Here's to the Freshman and Junior and Soph,

Whose chief occupation is play.

Here's to the class of the year '13;

Here's to the good times we've had;

Here's to the hope, that as time goes on,

We'll seldom have cause to be sad.

School Days.

We came one morning in the fall,
From haunts both far and nigh,
To answer to the first roll-call
In dear old Manitowoc High.

Just how we felt need not be told,
Let it suffice to say
We often shivered as with cold,
On that important day.

We briskly climbed the flights of stairs
To reach our destination,
And there we saw upon some chairs
An awesome congregation.

We registered and got our books,
And proceeded to our classes,
A mixture true of frightened looks,
And troubled youths and lasses.

Thus quickly passed that eventful year,
Full of pranks and childish joys;
And daily grew that school more dear
To the mob of girls and boys .

So three more happy years have passed,
And the time is drawing near
When we again, with hearts downcast,
Must seek another sphere.

We've studied grammar, history,
And physics with its store
Of law so full of mystery,
That it makes us long for more.

We've occasionally the truant played,
Or disobeyed a rule;
But we've also labored, undismayed,
To attain success in school.

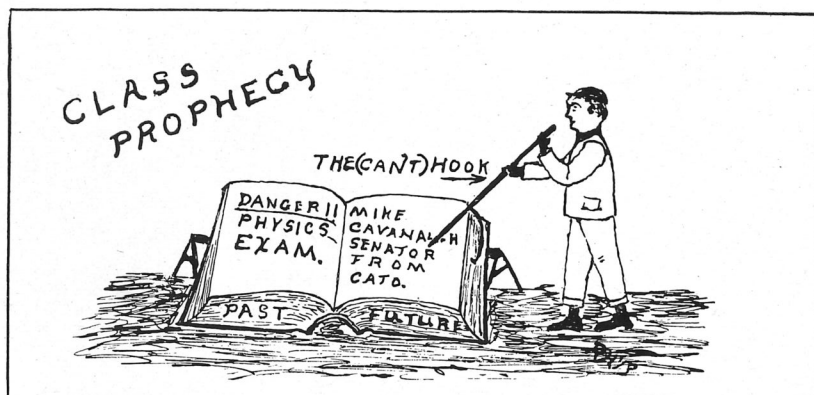
Before we go to play our parts,
Wherever fate shall call,
We wish to say, with grateful hearts,
We're glad we've had it all.

Sometimes we've failed in days gone past,
Our duty to perform;
But the wish will linger to the last
To triumph and reform.

We'll ne'er forget our M. H. S.,
No matter where we roam;
A memory, it will be, to bless,
As we journey on toward Home.

H. G. '13.





It was a hot and sultry day in June when a smartly dressed traveling man, with hat tilted on the back of his head, sauntered into the lobby of The Cliff House, San Francisco, dropped his grips before the register and exploded a mild "Whew! It's a hot one." The clerk smiled and shook hands heartily for the traveler, none other than Oscar Engelbrecht, was no unfamiliar personage in this, his favorite hotel. His eyes wandered to the register and pencil in hand, he was about to write his name down when his eye caught the line at the top of the page: "Harvey Vollen-dorf—Manitowoc, Wisconsin, Room 69," in big sprawley hand-writing. "It's Harv, Bud, an old friend of mine," and he dropped the pencil and ran for the stairs, which he took four at a time, to the first landing. He grasped the knob of door 69 and burst into the room to behold Harvey shaving. His sudden appearance caused a slip of the razor and a cut on the chin was the result. He turned towards the intruder with a very unpleasant look indeed but on seeing who it was soon had him in a hearty embrace.

The soap on the face was forgotten and for a moment neither could speak. They finally found their voices and then both talked at once. They laughed and chatted on like school children, Engie's one desire being, to get the addresses of the other boys and girls, as he was wont to put it, and he was modestly informed by Harvey that "Vollo," a renowned mystic was in town and might enlighten him. Oscar seemed pleased upon hearing this bit of good news and begged Harvey to go with him to consult this mystic. The latter pleaded a headache and was finally excused. Engie however promised to call on his return and tell his experience. He left the room with a buoyant heart and after a hasty supper, left the hotel and set out in search of the fortune teller.

In the heart of the city, and on the main street he came upon the sign that read in part, "Your fortune told— past, present and

future revealed to all. Satisfaction guaranteed. He smiled and pushed open the street door. Here he came in contact with a sleek looking Jap who immediately ushered him into the parlor of the mystic. He was met by the bearded mystic himself and after brief formalities offered a chair. The great "Vollo" took a chair nearby and sank lazily into its deep cushions and at the same time a weird moaning sound came from above a richly decorated cabinet in the corner of the room which made Engie stare in wonderment and fright. His eyes protruded like those of a snapping turtle and he half rose in his seat.

"Your wish, "Oscar Engelbrecht, began the mystic, is to find the class of '13. Am I right? Engie here started to leave his chair and move for the door.

"Kindly be seated," went on the former, "I will tell you all—do not interrupt me though, while I am in this trance, for then the divine spirits yonder are in communication with me and once you slight them the thing is off—so listen carefully," and the mystic closed his eyes again and waited. Engie wild-eyed watched him in silence. Finally the clear musical voice of the fortune teller spoke as the moaning ceased.

"I see a large flash light—it is a theater announcement—it reads, 'Swede Johnson-Ora Fetzner—in a Charming Widow'."

"Hah!" escaped from Oscar, "Swede always was an actor and who'd a thought that of Ora. I love her just the same, and," here the Jap came forward and placed his fingers to his lip to signify silence.

Vollo went on, "I see a church, a minister is seated behind a pulpit and is singing a celestial hymn under the direction of Miss Miriam Johnson. He is," a pause followed— "John Petska—yes and in the front row are the inseparable Misses Verna Rudolph and Viola Beackman."

The next scene was in the reception room of a mansion on sixth street in Manitowoc. Evelyn Karnopp, whose husband was a reporter was entertaining a large number of guests. Among the famous people, was a missionary, none other than Ethel White, from the troublesome districts of Mexico.

"An artist's studio:— the artist Erwin Fanta is putting the finishing touches to a portrait of a lady. Seated in the rear of the room, is the exact likeness in the form of Hazel Gustaveson, the famous authoress of the novel, 'All for Love'."

"I wonder who the hero is, I think I can tell, Vollo. It's" and here again the Jap stopped the inquisitiveness of the relentless Oscar.

On and on went the mystic; the scenes seemed to open to his

mind in quick succession. There was a winter scene at Stoughton, where Rollin Hubbard, a ski enthusiast held the audience in intense suspense as he made thrilling leaps through space. Here was a boat leaving for Europe; on the main deck of which two women were seen to wave their handkerchiefs and upon closer investigation the mystic discovered Lester Kunz and Raymond Falge on the piers. The former were Genevieve O'Donnell and Clara Rath sack.

Engie smiled, but dared not express his thought for fear of awakening the mystic. The latter continued: "I see an office—it is in a bank. A tall dark haired man is sitting before a great desk. Herbert Manke, I think, yes and I get the name of Anna Butz, chief stenographer seated at a machine near by.

"The name of Anna Hussey: I see her teaching a class in athletic dancing — always was a skilled athletic—basket ball's her hobby. Connected with this institution is the name of Howard Wills, ventriloquist and all around athlete—claims half mile title—he must have charge of the boys' department; yes, so he has and the place is the Chicago Healthatorium. Do you still remember the time in his life when he made a noise like studying Economics in the year 1912?

"He made imitations in the old assembly too. Sure! that was Butch" replied the elated Engie but he soon settled back to normal when a terrific screech came from the cabinet and further words froze on his tongue.

Vollo hesitated, seemed to find no connection and then loomed forth again with a scene in Iron Mountain. Alfred Christiansen, late of the stage, was taking up mining engineering. In the same line of thought came the impression of Charles Drumm, Engineer Expert, located in the Panama Canal Zone.

"I get a view of a great building in San Francisco. A large painted bill board in the front reads— let's see—yes Girls' Seminary;— under the direction of Miss Healy and Miss Cooney—always did chum together. Wait, and below I see the name of Ruth Rick, of the Sewing and Professional departments."

"I see the new Manitowoc High School. I get the name of Michael Cavanaugh as Professor—yes and in the list of teachers I see Manda Martin; she is the author of 'Martins' Revised Shorthand,' a good selling text. Elsa Dram and Florence Hecker; must be English and German teachers, are teasing and taunting a visitor, Mildred Markham, who so lately gained notoriety by the world wide suffragette movement. She is the successor to Miss Pankhurst of England."

"And here are the names of Irene Duffy and Vida Dumke,

public entertainers; they are touring the United States on a Lyceum Course."

"Ah! I see a quiet little cottage among the foot hills of Branch; Dorothy Voelker is returning to her home and retiring from active life. She is a famous novelist and anti-suffragette,—just back from England with her friend Gladys Seeger, where they were investigating suffragette conditions."

Picture after picture was unfolded to the traveller and as each name was mentioned his face lit up in recognition and pleasure. He knew them as if he had just left them yesterday. There was Lillian Ryder as proprietor of the ladies' Wear U Well Shoe Co. An aviation meet came after this and, as the machines came gliding in, the riders were greeted with loud applause. The last one and the winner of the race, swooped majestically to earth; its proud possessor, Benjamin Schmiedicke, now all American high altitude holder, was greeted enthusiastically.

An automobile demonstrator now called the people's attention. Arthur Knorr of the Moline Automobile Co. held the audience in suspense as his machine thundered past the grand stand time and again, his life swaying as did his machine in the balance of life and death.

"Here are the representatives of a high school class. A type-writing contest is in session, Underwood machines, too; here is the list of celebrated typists; yes, and there they are, sitting in the second row, Evangeline Buehler and Selma Pederson. A nice prize is up too and it's in the Blue Room of Hotel Sherman, Chicago."

"Here is a scene in an office, I can't get the name, the boss is leaving the room to go out for lunch. I can see the office force, Olive Fehring, Ella Sladkey, Marie Cooney and Lulu Jacobson, funny how chums can get together."

"A Domestic Science School,—well, yes it is called the Recycl School of New York. And guess who's in the testing department. It looks like Bill—he acts like Bill and sure enough it is William Stericker. He looks pretty thin—must be on a diet—most likely for irresponsible acute indigestion."

Vollo seemed to be fatigued—the strain was evidently great for the words came quicker and abruptly but he still continued the train of thought and described Albie Miller, as a governess, Ruth Houghton as manicurist and hair dresser with parlors on Eighth street, in Manitowoc.

"I get the name of"—

"No you don't," broke in Engie, "I guess they all are cashed in by this time."

"I don't get any more names," gasped Vollo coming out of his trance; his chest heaved and fell, his eyes opened and stared into the fireplace. Engie stooped forward and tapped him on the shoulder and somewhat frightened exclaimed — "There are no more."

"Yes, there is — one more, Vollendorf — what or where is he? I know where he is, he is at the hotel now."

Vollo smiled, now being back in his natural state, and Engie made the startling discovery that a piece of sticking plaster was fastened below his chin. A suspicion of treachery swept over him and he leaped forward and pulled at the beard which gave way and came off in his hand. The Jap came too late to prevent the catastrophe. "You old fraud, Harv!" he exclaimed. "A headache?, yes, you'll have one before this evening is over or I'll know the reason why. Tell me, though, how did you keep track of all of them?" and a thousand more questions of the same sort were poured forth.

"That would be telling the secrets of the divining spirits, my lad, and you must be satisfied with what they told you through me, — but enough of this, Engie; let's go out for some recreation, to the Boys' Club of San Francisco where we'll find the two Clydes, and we'll play a game as we did ten years ago."

To the Seniors.

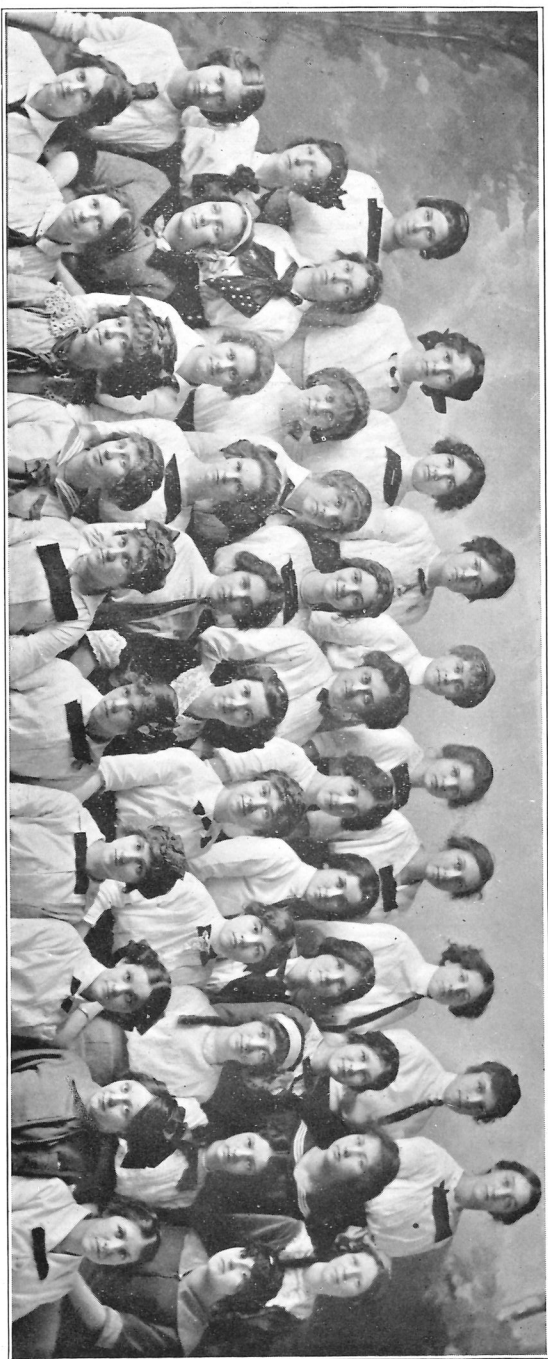
Under a spreading canopy,
The dignified Seniors sit;
The Seniors, a mighty folk are they,
Possessed both of brains and wit.

The Freshmen stop to gaze at them
With many an envious glare;
They think of the time when they too will be men,
And Freshmen at them will stare.

Some of the Seniors will go to college,
Others their work at once will begin.
But all, no matter whate'er they attempt,
Will try in the world the best to win.

Three cheers for the dignified Seniors,
May happiness with them stay;
And may no cloud of darkness,
Shadow their joyful way.

M. J. '16



THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Class Will.

We, the undersigned, the members of the class of 1913 of the Manitowoc High School, being of sound mind, and being about to leave this school to put into practice what we have learned, do make this our last will and testament:

Item 1. We leave to the school and the world the result of our efforts in the newspaper line in the "Manitou."

Item 2. We leave to the Juniors our seats in room three and the honor of taking American History, English IV and Physics.

Item 3. We leave to the Sophomores and Freshmen the memory of our good works, especially as to leading the honor roll and winning field meets.

Item 4. We also leave to the before mentioned students the right to any scraps of knowledge which may have escaped us, and we hope that they will use it as profitably as possible.

Item 5. We leave to our teachers and principal the memory of our good works, efforts, and pranks, as a source of rejoicing at other times.

S. P.

<p>Michael Gleavanaugh. Evelyn L. Karmorty. Mildred Markham. Ethel White Hazel Gustafsson. Edwin Fanta Ella A. Gladky. Anna M. Hussey. Gladys Seeger. Elsa L. Damm. Ruth J. Pick Dorothy M. Trilker. Violet C. Baekmann Verna F. Rudolph Wm. Stricker Rollin Hubbard Clyde Barrie Arthur H. Knorr. Lester L. Kung. Howard Skell Clyde J. Westgate Benjamin Schmiedicke Charles O. Dye Adolph E. Johnson Harvey Tollendorf.</p>	<p>Genevieve O'Donnell Clara Rathbark Marie Cooney Miniam Johnson Vida Duhmke Dorothy Cooney. Selma Pederson Olive Lehman Lulu Jacobson. Anna Butz Ruth Houghton Lillian Ryder. Ora Zetter Marie Richygl. Irene Duffy. Maudie Martin Evangeline Bruehler John A. Petaka. Oscar Engelbrecht. Arthur Mahoney. Florence Hecker. Albie Miller Florence Healy. Alfred Kristiansen</p>
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The Inter-Class Basket Ball Tournament.

Backward, Turn Backward, time, in thy flight,
Make me a Junior, just for to-night.

To buy crutches for our Athletic Association, it was decided to have a tournament between classes. Two games were to be played on March 28, and the winners and losers of these games were to play the next Friday, April 4. Two pennants were to be awarded, one for the actual winner, and one, since the Seniors were sure to lose that one, for the best conducted team. The prognostications were that the Juniors or Sophomores would get the first one, with the Seniors running third, with the conduct pennant mortgaged, and the Freshmen just running for their health.

The tariff on peaches, plums, apricots, citrons, players, soap, and visitors was to be ten cents, with a dance free of charge if paid within sixty days.

The first game was between the Sophomores and the Freshmen. The score was 42 to 8 in favor of the Sophs and the less said about the game, the better for all present.

The second game between the Seniors and Juniors was a closely contested one up to the last five minutes of play, when the Juniors drew away from their opponents and defeated them by the score 38 to 22.

The next Friday, the Seniors were humiliated by having to play the preliminary for the big game of the evening; but their vengeance was wreaked on the Freshmen for this humiliation. This game was as exciting as watching a china doll "made in Germany," roll its eyes and call "Ma-ma." The Freshmen gave up hope of defeating the Seniors and resorted to strategy. They resolved to play a clean game and win the conduct pennant, but the Seniors had resolved the same so when the referee threw up the ball, the Senior center bowed to the Freshman center and murmured "You first, my dear Alphonso."

The Freshman center, Just, caught the ball, wiped the dust off of it, tied his shoe-lace, and tendered the ball to Dedricks. He reluctantly accepted it and took it to a dark corner and went to sleep, using it as a pillow. The Freshmen became aroused at this and sent a representative to obtain the ball. Dedricks gladly gave it up to the courier and escorted him back to his team-mates. Here he was treated kindly, given an ice-cream soda, pineapple flavor, and sent back with many presents to the Seniors' abode.

The Freshmen now threw the ball into the basket six and one-half times, out of fifty. They then tied the ball with a pretty

pink ribbon, put some perfume and talcum powder on it and sent it to the Seniors by parcel post.

The Seniors then tried shooting baskets. They succeeded in putting the ball into the basket about twenty-one times. It would be well to mention here the remarkable shots made by Lester Kunz, Erwin Fanta, Rollin Hubbard, and Clyde Westgate. The baskets made, were not counted unless they went in without touching the rim. When the Seniors were tired of this play, they disinfected the ball and sent it back to the Freshmen. The whistle blew just then and the teams shook hands all around and went home. Thus ended the remarkable game between knowledge and ignorance. It proved the superiority of the former by the score of 42 to 13.

The next game was a game of basket-ball. When the whistle blew, the opposing forces lined up for battle. A few straggling shots were exchanged as the enemies maneuvered for the best positions. The casualties were few from the skirmishes between the outposts. The powers here stepped in and declared a truce for five minutes. The dead and wounded were taken from the field and the guns cleared for action. When the time was nearly up it was found that the Juniors had received the worst of the encounter, 15 to 13. The whistle blew and the battle began in earnest. The smoke from the guns and the dust from the muddy roads enveloped the contestants so that it was hard to tell which had the advantage. It was now one side and now another. Volleys of shots were exchanged; the generals commanding both armies, Peterson of the Juniors, Nyhagen of the Sophomores, sent out guards to attack the forwards and make them retreat, but the centers moved gradually forward supporting the guards in their precarious positions. Twice was the white flag of truce raised, that the wounded might be carried off the field, but on the lowering of the flag of peace, the battle began with renewed vigor. The ambulance rushing in gathering the wounded; the screaming and shrieking of ear-piercing yells, and the rapid fire of ejaculations formed a scene never to be forgotten by the onlookers, watching the battle from the side-lines. What is that? The Sophomore line wavers! No, they are rallying; they stand their ground; they push the Juniors backward; now they are retreating again! Alas they are beaten! Beaten by numbers, but not defeated in spirit. They stubbornly retreat before the on-rushing maroon and gold, and their own colors blue and white are captured. The Juniors had won the game 28 to 25!

The Juniors received the pennant for winning the tournament



and the Seniors, according to the Judges, were given the conduct pennant. The Sophomores should be complimented for their excellent spirit and clean playing, and the Freshmen should not be disheartened by their defeat, because there will be a time when they shall have to play for the honor of the school. R. F. '14.

Our High School Team.

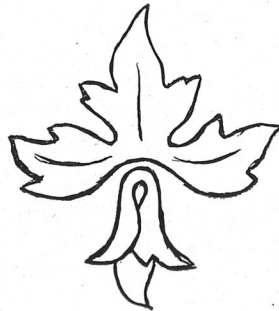
We have a Basket Ball team,
They are great boys, you see.
When, they get to shooting baskets
They make us yell with glee.

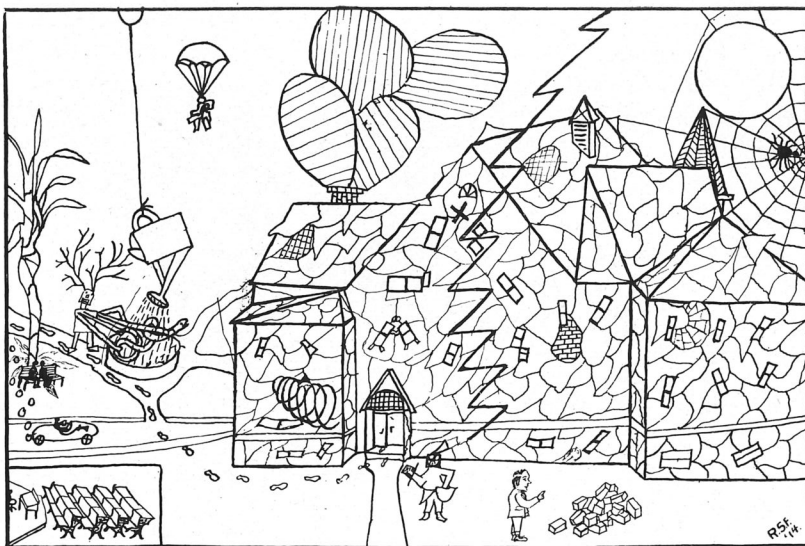
There's Don; he stars at forward
And Kunz sure is some guard;
Others can never beat them
Tho' they try ever so hard.

There's Harvey V. at center
And say, that boy is great,
I tell you Harvey's man
Will always see his fate.

Lewis N's a forward,
"Fatty" and Just stand guard.
We've got some team, we all know
And to beat them, 'tis very hard.

R. S. & E. K.





A Cross Between a Crazy Quilt and the Forty-Second Revolution in Mexico.
See Explanation.

Our High School As Seen Through a Cubist's Eyes. (This one must have been cross-eyed.)

Written by No. 18-6. Author of "A Trip to Mars on a Motorcycle," "Through China by Mail," and "The First Absolute Proof that Two and Two are Five."

To get the best results, look at the picture with both eyes closed.

As we gaze upon this medley of outlandish "Malade imaginaire," several things stand out more prominently than others: e. g., the fire escape. (The lightning-like contrivance descending from heaven, apparently).

The most important things in the picture are the high school, Washington Park and the smoke arising from the chimney. In the middle foreground is a picture of Mr. Stangel, our principal, posed especially for this photograph.

To the right of Mr. Stangel is our friend Lester Kunz. He is explaining this problem to the Senior class (the block-head effect): If the sum of two times two is four, why is it that three times the lesser quantity is greater than the smaller number when multiplied by the sum of the larger? By the expression of his face we see that his mental deductions are fairly accurate.

In the lower left hand corner is an enthusiastic meeting of the Athletic Association. Mr. Dedricks is presiding on account of Mr. Luedtke's absence.

Along the highway on the left is seen one of the millionaire car owners who frequent our school. This car is a 1913 model with a triple-expansion internal cone clutch, and a monkey wrench thrown in if the cash is paid within thirty days. This is "Doe's" car.

Just beyond the car, beneath the shade of the Anheuser Busch sits a loving couple. If the features are scrutinized closely you might recognize them. They are well known and careful examination will reveal them to you.

What appears to be a deadly battle between an ichthyosaurus and a long-armed periopthalmus, is nothing more than the Sophomore class, following in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessors and "ducking" a Freshman in the fountain.

To the right of the string which holds the "giesskanna" to the sky-hook is not a capsized aviator but merely Alfred Christiansen on one of his flights of genius.

The insert in the upper right hand corner which looks like the moon on a rainy day, is the interest taken by these students in the societies which meet every other Friday.

We do not know what the spider web is for, but it gives a realistic air of drowsiness to the school which is especially noted during school hours.

The spring effect on the left wing of the school represents anything you might wish it to, but it was put in there to remind the writer of this:— "What becomes of all the fudge, taffie, sea-foam, kisses and other sweets which they cook in the domestic science room?" (Please remit).

Above the door is an inscription. It is not shown in the picture, but it is:— "*lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate*," which means:— "Who enter here, leave all hope behind."

As you will notice, the Junior class is not in the picture, but that is not because they were forgotten, but because the illustrator could not draw a vacuum.

R.S.F.'14.





THE DEBATING CLUB.

Just as the Rest Have Done.

We came a frightened little folk
Just as the rest have come;
We hoped to leave, a big wise folk
Just as the rest have done.

We studied but soon grew weary
Of the tasks we had begun,
For English, History, well, you know—
Just as the rest have done.

The rest all laughed and jeered at us;
We caused them lots of fun.
We blushed and grinned but staggered through
Just as the rest have done.

We began now to act silly,
“Skipping” we thought was fun.
We neglected our note-books
Just as the rest have done.

As the years sped swiftly onward
We gathered what first we'd spun;
We climbed the ladder steadily
Just as the rest have done.

We talked in the good old Reference Room
Till the setting of the sun;
Lingered and laughed in the dear old halls
Just as the rest have done.

Although we oft were tired,
Our burdens weighed a ton;
We always tried our very best
Just as the rest have done.

And now this term is over
Once more through the Park we run.
With tear-stained eyes — one backward glance—
Just as the rest have done.

D. V.



THE ANNUAL STAFF.

Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles.

A. J. and L. K.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We should practice what we preach,
And when we get out of High School
Get a job a-cleaning streets.

A. C. J. '13

As Kunz would remark:—

“The object of this meeting is.....”.

What was the matter with the 5th period Senior English Class,
the first semester?

Twenty-three girls and t-h-r-e-e boys.

Oh! those little red hats the Seniors wore!

Oh! those little red hats the Seniors wore!

They were nifty and were clean,

Each bore a small “13,”

Fitted fine on each one's bean,

The hats the Seniors wore.

A. C. J. '13.

When we see “M. M. '13” in the “Manitou” how shall we
know who it means?

For instance:—

Mildred Markham

M. M. '13

Manda Martin

M. M. '13

Martha Marquardt

M. M. '13

M. M. C.

Who's Who—and Where.

A man, a moon, a maid and a boat,

And a near great inland sea;

And the man and the maid, like the moon did float

As happy as happy could be.

And the man did row, and the boat did glide,
And the maid hummed a popular tune,
And the moonbeams over the lake did ride,
As they do in the month of June.

Now the moon did a mischievous thing that night,
For he gathered a cloud o'er his face,
And the moonbeams no longer did show any light
And the song drifted off into space.

And the boat ceased to glide, for the oars ceased to row,
And they shortly did drop in the brink,
And a hat very soon, did the same way go,
And slowly and slowly did sink.

But the moon in hiding, a short time stayed,
And he smiled as he thot what he'd see
Now who was the man, and who was the maid
And where was the inland sea?

Written in commemoration of the adventures of a friend;
and another friend.

Song of the Ex-Graduate.

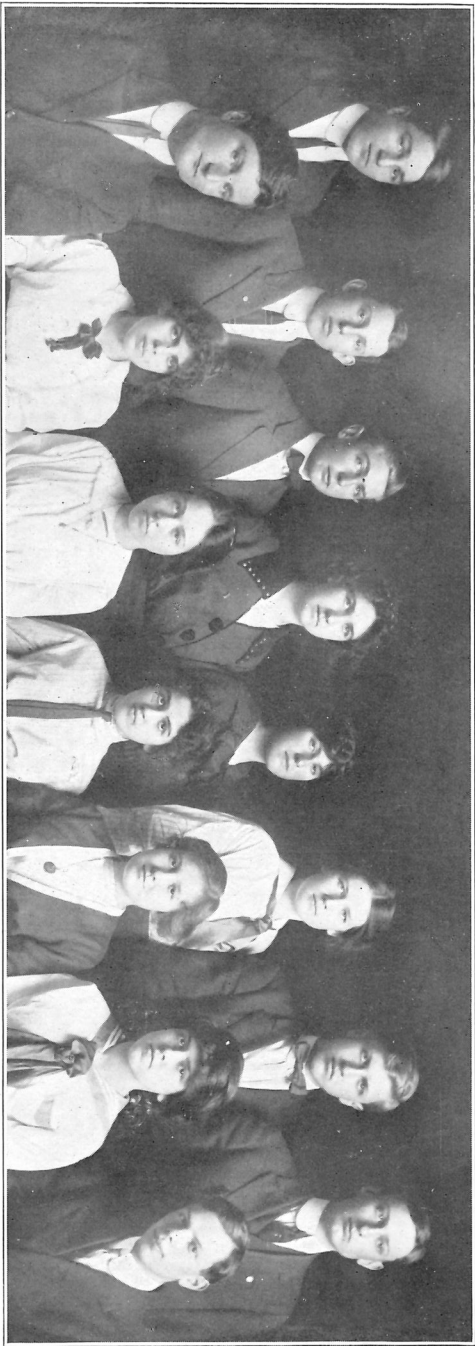
(They never come back)

I want to be (I wish I were)
I want to be (I wish I were)
I want to be back in our high school.
Where the Kids are very glad to work.
Always busy, and they never shirk (oh no!)
You ought to see,
You ought to see,
You ought to see our Central high school,
You may all believe I'm going to—
M-A-N, I don't care how you spell it.
Even at that,
With my old hat,
I am going back to our high school.

A. C. J. '13.

The complete and comprehensive significantly interesting discussion of the steam engine minus the slide valve attachment, by Prof. Christiansen, B. S. was enjoyed by Mr. Mitchell's Physics Class. We hope he will speak on the same subject again. It's so easy to get to slumberland during his talk.

There's no use talking about work. Swede has practically decided to get the office of president of U. S. A. and announces the



THE MANTOU STAFF.

following cabinet:—

Swedolphus Johanneson—President.
A. Johnson—Secretary of State.
Adolph Johnson—Secretary of Treasury.
Adolph C. Johnson—Secretary of Navy.
A. C. Johnson—Secretary of War.
A. Christian Johnson—Attorney General.
Adolph Christian Johnson—Postmaster General.
Swede Johnson—Secretary of Agriculture.
Swedolphus Johnson—Secretary of Commerce and Labor.
S. Johnson—Secretary of Interior.

If the cabinet is named as above, it will no doubt, be satisfactory to all the members.

Three things which Satan must take special pleasure in handing out:—

- 1.—Physics problems;
- 2.—History Clauses;
- 3.—Sentence Analysis.

Fifty little Seniors,
Looking mighty blue,
Along came the Finals,
But they all got through.

Fifty little Seniors,
Grinning all the while,
Never see 'em with a frown,
Always with a smile.

Fifty little Seniors,
Will graduate from High
But wish that they were Freshman,
In the sweet bye and bye.

And after a spasm like that, people ask why we have insane asylums.

It would be right and proper to speak of tears and sorrow here, but we can't bring ourselves to do it.

Faculty Facts.

The most learned—Book.
The coolest—Glasier.
The most systematic—C. G. S.
The greatest hero—Dewey.
The most floury—Miller.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A Tragedy of the Chemistry Laboratory.

This is the soup that Bill made.

These are the fumes that rose from the soup that Bill made.

This is the room that was filled with the fumes that rose from the soup that Bill made.

This is the class, that worked in the room that was filled with the fumes that rose from the soup that Bill made.

This is the hall, that received the class that worked in the room that was filled with the fumes that rose from the soup that Bill made.

This is the hook that was used by the Prof. that entered the hall that received the class that worked in the room that was filled with the fumes that rose from the soup that Bill made.

And this is Bill, who was caught by the hook, that was used by the Prof. that entered the hall that received the class that worked in the room that was filled with the fumes that rose from the soup that Bill made.

Go to dance—lots of fun;
School next morning—nothing done;
Go to class—Standing's bum;
Flunk in History—lots of fun.

There was a boy in our school
And he was wondrous wise.
Last quarter found his standings gone.
His inkwell filled with flies.
And when he saw his standings gone,
He hired a dozen men
To dig the flies out of the well
And set them free again.

"Doc" Westgate's Soliloquy.

To go, or not to go, — that is the question,
Whether 'tis better, upon our feet to walk,
To tread wearily along, on Nature's fair Carpet;
Or to trust to "20" H. P. and gasoline,
And by trusting, probably to get there? To run; to explode;
To miss; perchance to break! of that there is a chance,
For, a flooded carburetor sundry troubles doth cause;
And, when we have loosened up the spark plug,
We e'en must rest; there's one thing,
We ne'er mistake which cylinder doth miss,
For, thank Heaven, there is but one;

For who would brook the troubles of a car;
 Spilling gasoline, losing a washer,
 A blow-out when near Cato, a broken crank case.
 A puncture, or e'en the loss of license,
 Which loss, the laws of our state are against;
 But that, with all these troubles, we have
 At times, a well-earned compensation,
 Which compensation is a two-mile ride
 Without a break.

Shakespeare hath said
 That conscience doth make cowards of us all
 But, 'tis not conscience that I fear, but a break-down.
 Out upon this battery—Ah! yet awhile will I work on,
 Perhaps it can be fixed. Yes, ma ,I'm coming.
 Ah, Liberty Brush, farewell,
 Ere long, to you I will return.

A. C. J. '13.

Evolution of the Senior.

By eras, ages, periods. etc.

1. The Kindergarten Infant, who doesn't realize how low he is.
2. The grade child—"If I were only in High School."
3. Freshman—Respect for upper classmen and the fountain.
4. The Sophomore—Words can't describe him.
5. The Junior—Pretty good fellow. Realizes that the Seniors are way above him.
6. The Senior—IT.

The Senior's Creed.

I believe in the noble art of bluffing, the science of great men and me.

I believe in exams, for without them the teacher would mark on the class standing alone and no one knows where I'd be left.

I believe in making up time for tardiness, otherwise, relations 'twixt my Principal and me are liable to become strained.

I believe in the divine right of girls, to twist fellows around their little fingers.

I believe in the right of the Seniors as Lords of the High School, among their Feudal Servitors, the under-classmen.

Amen.

Fusser's Club (Reorganized).

(Affiliated with the "Lover's Delight Association").

Adolph C. Johnson.....	President
Lester Kunz	Vice-President
Erwin Fanta	Secretary and Treasurer
Wm. Stericker	Female Censor

Sample of their Program.

Opening remarks.....What is Love?.....Adolph C. Johnson
Discussion.....Love is an Ideal.....M. Cavanaugh.
Debate.....Resolved—That it is better to have loved
and lost than never to have been stricken by Cu-
pid's blessings.
Closing remarks.....Love is a bubble.....John Petska.
Closing Anthem.....Love's Young Dream. Club

Familiar Phrases.

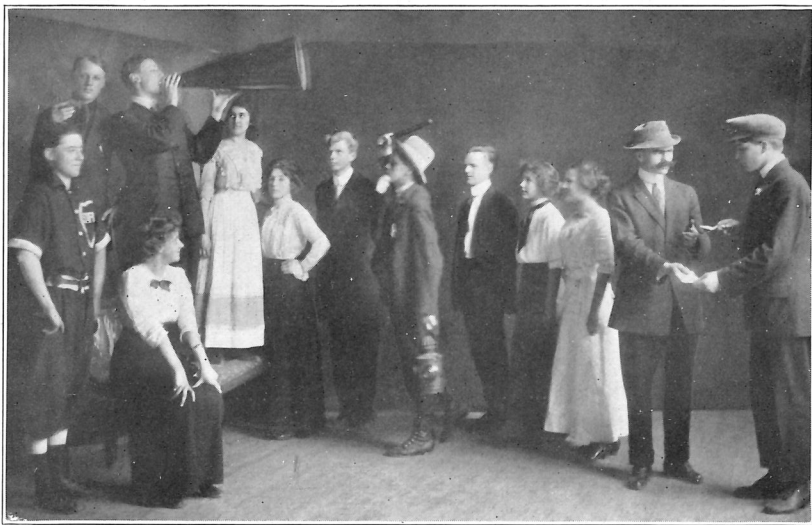
Clyde B.—Got those Physies problems?
Adolph J.—Mike, give me your advanced Algebra.
Lester D.—Say, Swede, I've got some sentences you can
analyze.
Lester K.—Write me an English theme.
Miriam J.—I think that German is horrid.
Charles D.—What's the tenth one?
Oscar E.—No. Economics is *not* dry.
Anne H.—Do you know your clause?
Arnold V.—I flunked in Dutch this month.
Erwin F.—What did you have in Physics?
Mike C.—They're easy.

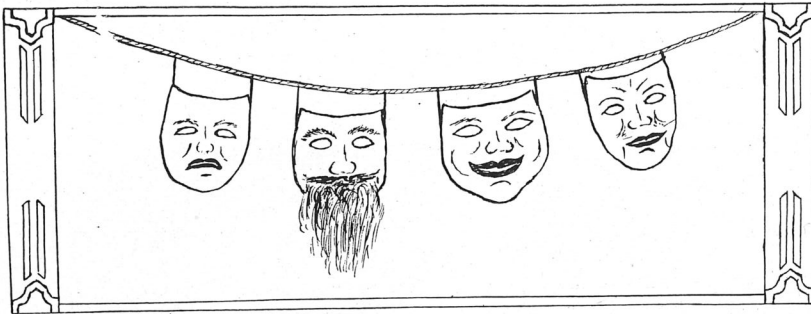
A. C. J. '13.

And now it's almost time to start looking for a job.



Let us introduce our classmates.
Doc. The Honorable. Christy.





Coming!

Coming!

Coming!

KUNZ - - - JOHNSON

Consolidated Shows

Worthy of Your Patronage. Bring the Children.

—ADMISSION—

5c

8c

10c

LIST OF ATTRACTIONS.

MONSTROUS MENAGERIE!!!!!!!!!!

FREAKS OF NATURE FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH.

SOME REPRESENTATIVES OF ANIMAL LIFE:

Claudius Barrie!!!.....“World’s Mammoth Giraffe.”

Mardicuse Cavanaugh,—!!!.....“The Baby Elephant.”

Tut Hubbard,—!!!!.....“The Left Handed Wonder.”

THE PIKE.

THE FOLLOWING MINOR ATTRACTIONS WILL BE PRESENTED.

“THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.”...Miles. Fehring and Baekman.

“THE STRONG MAN.”.....Howard Wills.

“THE FORTUNE TELLER.”.....Mme Duhnke.

“MIND READER.”.....Vernatius Rudolphus.

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Misses Marie Cooney & Florence Healy on the **TRAPEZE.**

Misses Dorothy Cooney, Ora Fetzer & Anne Hussy **RING SWINGING.**

“THEY’RE IRISH AND PROUD OF IT.”

Note:—This troupe is alone worth the price of admission, hav-

ing appeared before the crowned heads of Europe and the faculty of the M. H. S.

“CHRISTY,” the six foot six,
Walks on his head, for brains he has nix.”

C. R.

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STARTLING!!!!!!!!!!

STUPENDOUS!!!!!!!!!!

The greatest “**TIGHT ROPE WALKING**” aggregation ever assembled under the canvas.

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Monsieurs, Fanta and Kunda,—Assistants.

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Back themselves to “lick” any one bunch of equal size in the amounts of “**PRETZEL**,” “**WIENERS**,” and “**SAUER-KRAUT**” they can consume in a limited length of time.

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Arthur Knorr.

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A. Butzkyvitch—Side Saddle work.

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Hazel Gustaveson—The Scandinavian who does everything the others don't.

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(DEATH)—DEFYING!!!!!!!!!!

“DOC”!!!!!!!!!!

In his One Lunged “**LIBERTY-BRUSH**.”

3.....**THREE**.....3

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WORTH TWICE THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

8.....EIGHT.....8

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Laughter and mirth provoking.

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Ever collected under the Canvas.

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R. Falge—the “Foggy” non-responsible.

A. Johnson—They expect anything from “Swede.”

Mlle Jacobson—The Scandinavians are great fun-lovers, and this sprightly little lady is no exception.

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Billy Sterieker—The man with financial instincts. Don’t let him get your money as a ticket collector.

Harvey Vollendorf—“Harve” The red faced Dutchman.

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EAR-SPLITTING.

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(IMPORTED).

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ELSA DRAMM—Drum and traps.

RUTH HOUGHTON—“Slip” Trombone.

MILDRED MARKHAM—Pickle—OH

ALBIE MILLER—Hornet.

SELMA PEDERSON—Mouth-Organ.

RUTH RICK—Ocarina.

EVELYN KARNOPP—Jews Harp.

LILLIAN RYDER—Pianiste.

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“The Ideal Circus Band!”

COME ONE!!!!

COME ALL!!!!

AND

BRING THE FAMILY.

"Mike," the Leader of His Class.

There was a young Irish Man,
Of course his name was Mike.
He carried books home from school
And studied every night.
He was always in his seat on time,
He never did come late;
And when he got his nice new Card
He averaged ninety-eight.
In Physics he always knew his Laws,
In English could analyze his clause
In Geometry, without a look
Proved any theorem from the book.
When this one, Mike, became a man,
He was the leader of his clan;
And for advice on points of law
They always asked Mike Cavanaugh.
Soon came the time for the election
And people looked in Mike's direction.
He made stump speeches to advertise—
Mayor of Reedsville was the prize.
He handled the city as no one before
And soon had the safes filled clean to the door.
I am sorry to say he died, of old age,
And his name now appears on Fiske's history page.
L. L. K. '13.

Seniors' Soliloquy.

To fail, or not to fail; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler to study and get out into our
Business life, or to lie idle, and by so doing,
Be required to take another year of school work.
To fail: to try; no more; and by trying to say
We end the school days of our younger life, 'tis
A great thing devoutly to be wish'd. To fail, to try:
To try: perchance to succeed: Ay, there's the thing;
For how many did not do that very same thing and
Have now gained their fortune; for who would bear
The low marks of the teacher, the cross looks of the
Principal, and the scorns of his school mates, when
Everyone can avoid this by mere study? Who would
Not bear to work and sweat under the Senior Life,
When the great joy of something after graduation, the
Hidden treasure that every successful Senior finds,
Belongs to you? Thus Ambition does make new men of
Us all, and thus we all do good to study in our
Senior year and by so doing, find the treasure, our
Diploma, welcome.

O. E. '13.

A Bunch of Wild Flowers.

When I awoke one morning, the bright sun and merry twitter of so many birds made me long for the woods, and, as it was Sunday, I hurriedly made ready for a walk. While I slowly went along my way, the spirit of Spring and happiness prevailed everywhere. It seemed, as Tennyson said of the spirit of God—"Closer than hands and feet." It rang from the throats of the merry warblers, shone from the singing, chattering brook, and sounded from the haunts of the great wood.

I entered the wood, and not far from its border, saw what I thought would be an ideal resting place. There was a moss covered log and flowers too, not great in number but in variety. There was the hepatica, so simple but still how pretty! And the dark blue violet modestly bowing its head as if to hide from me. Just beside the log, was a cluster of blood-roots. I was greatly tempted by their beauty to pick them, but I knew they would stain my hand as any evil would, so I left them there, companions to the log and an ornament in this little garden of wild flowers. At a short distance I saw a tall and stately trillium. I rushed for it but was almost sorry to pick it for it looked so pretty there in its woodland home. But what else could its snowy white petals and stately stem represent but purity and righteousness, so I added it to my violets and hepaticas. There also was a jack-in-the-pulpit! How pertly the little fellow sat in his pulpit but what a picture of happiness he gave. I picked that and then started for home. In my little bouquet I now had simplicity, modesty, purity and righteousness and happiness. What more could one wish for in life! But just on the outskirts of the woods, I found an early rose. Its stem was tall and straight, its flower the most perfect, but how numerous and sharp its thorns! I wondered what I would call it in my bouquet and I thought Life would be very appropriate. The many sharp thorns and pretty leaves representing the sorrows and joys and the flower, the purest and noblest in life for which we strive.

Satisfied with my prize, I went home thinking about the unknown way before us. No doubt we shall all meet with some difficulties but may we hope that the thorns will be few and dull, and the leaves abundant in our future travels toward the Rose.

D. V. '13.

Treasurers of the Woods.

The tiny little beauties of the Spring, found on the southern-facing slopes and all warm places shielded from the winter winds, are a delight after the snow has left and Nature has bloomed forth in all the glories of the season.

When the flowers have blown the world is not left in solitude for the rest of the year; but each little blossom loses its petals and from what is left develops a pod filled with seeds to provide for the next years flower kingdom.

The acquaintance of these seed pods affords no little pleasure. The seeds of the wake-robin develop in a beautiful little red pod. The plant keeps its shape until the seed is fully developed. The wake-robin in the pod, as in the flower, resembles that of the trillium; the difference being that the wake-robin hangs from the center of the three green leaves, while the trillium stands upright from this group but bends on its immediate stem like the lily.

The Jack-in-the-pulpit has many red berries grouped closely on a main stem. The berries contain many seeds which have a sharp biting taste that lasts and is very disagreeable.

The violet has a long three cornered pod which resembles a beechnut in shape. The pod is green and turns brown when ripe. It contains many rows of tiny seeds, which run the length of the pod.

A long, slender, round pod is developed by the blood-root but this plant generally multiplies through the root.

The Bishop's-caps are tiny seeds, about four developing in one pod. The for-get-me-not has a very small seed which develops on the single stock. As the flower unfolds, the stem grows stronger and the flowers grow about three quarters of an inch apart.

The tiger lily which blooms in the fall has a large pod, three cornered like the violet and contains shining black seeds.

All the seed pods of which these are a few of the common ones in this locality, break open and scatter the seeds about. Nature protects them until she is prepared to bring them forth as part of her flower kingdom.

M. M. '13.

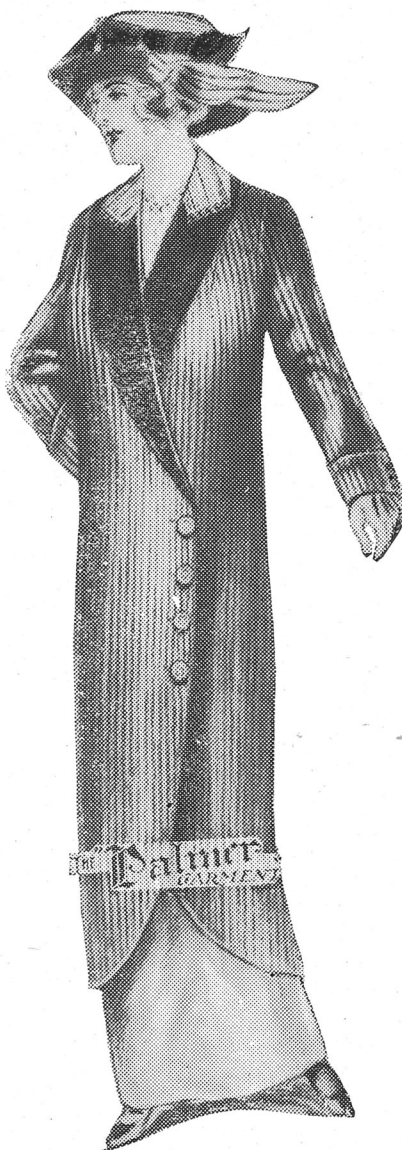


The Senior Alphabet.

"A" stands for Adolph, the studious boy,
To ask questions in History class is his joy.
"B" stands for the Basketball games of the year,
Which the students welcome with heartiest cheer.
"C" stands for Clyde, better known as "Doc"
In whom his father takes a great stock.
"D" stands for Dorothy, a brilliant lass,
There is never a doubt that she will pass.
"E" stands for Erwin, an inquisitive lad,
To him it seems pleasant, to others 'tis sad.
"F" stands for Florence, a girl of great knowledge,
From the manner she studies, she'll be fitted for college.
"G" stands for Genevieve, a bonny lass,
Who is, I'm sure, liked by the Senior class.
"H" stands for History, an interesting subject,
Including the clauses with their meaning and object.
"I" stands for Irene, a charming young miss,
She hopes to do teaching and thinks 'twill be bliss.
"J" stands for John, an honorable man,
Who always does the best that he can.
"K" stands for Karnopp, Evelyn, her name.
Among her new friends, she has won great fame.
"L" stands for Lester, our leader so wise,
Where he gets his knowledge, 'tis hard to surmise.
"M" stands for Manda, a very good student,
In Typewriting class, she whispers right fluent.
"N" stands for the Noise that we all make,
When we're sent to the office, with fear we do shake.
"O" stands for Ora, endowed with the power,
To tell funny stories and jokes by the hour.
"P" stands for Perfection, which is the aim
Of all the Seniors on the roll of fame.
"Q" stands for the questions asked in History,
The way we do answer is a great mystery.
"R" stands for Ruth who is quite a good cook
And has all her recipes written in a book.
"S" stands for "Sampson" the doctor's son,
Who is always ready to have some fun.
"T" stands for the Typewriting class of the school,
Where "Whispering and Erasing Prohibited," is the rule.
"U" stands for Unity, of this renowned class,
In which quality, none can surpass.
"V" stands for Vida, the girl of romance,
All of her classmates she tries to entrance.
"W" stands for William with great managing power,
He has so much advice he could talk by the hour.
"X" stands for Excellent on our reports,
Which we get if the teachers are not out of sorts.
"Y" stands for "Yuletide," the Christmas vacation,
Which is welcomed by all with glad acclamation.
"Z" stands for the zero we get on "Blue Monday."
Which is the result of a good time on Sunday. C. R. '13.

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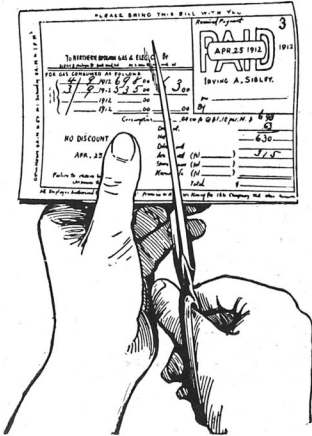
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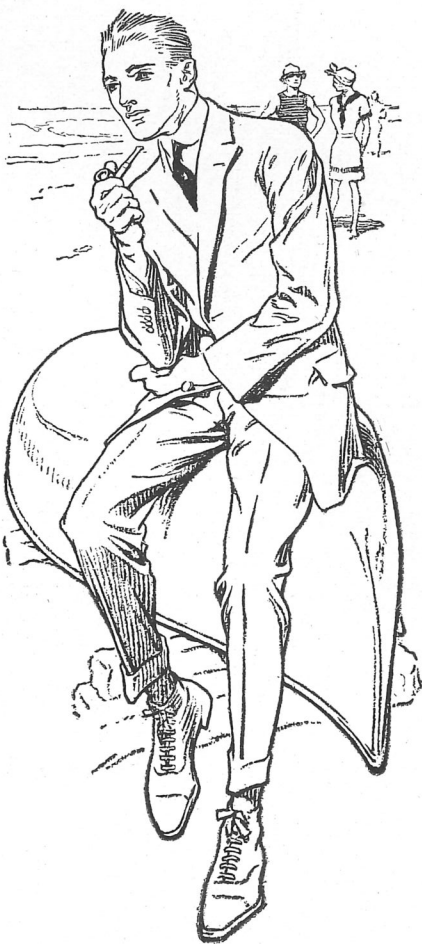
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